



Women's World of Words

COLLECTIVE

LOS ANGELES, CA

Thalia King

LIM599



Women's
World of
Words

Jessamyn West





Jessamyn's Personal Library

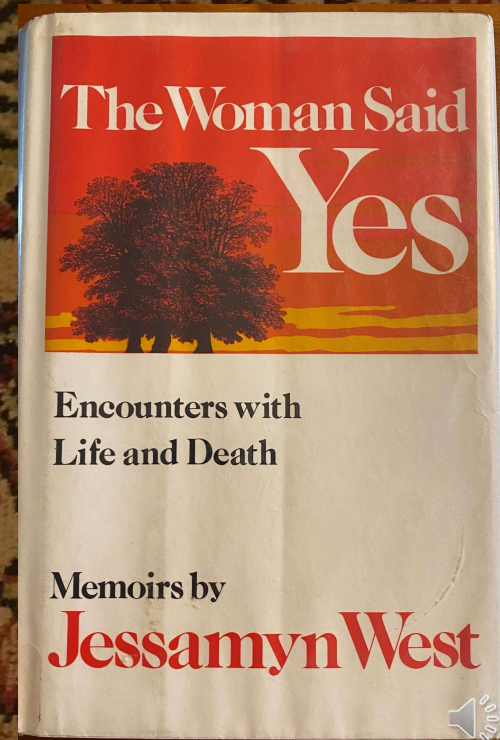
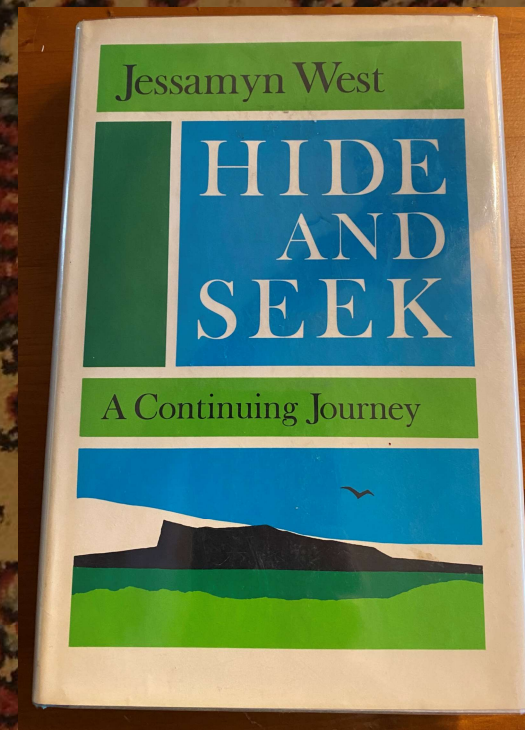
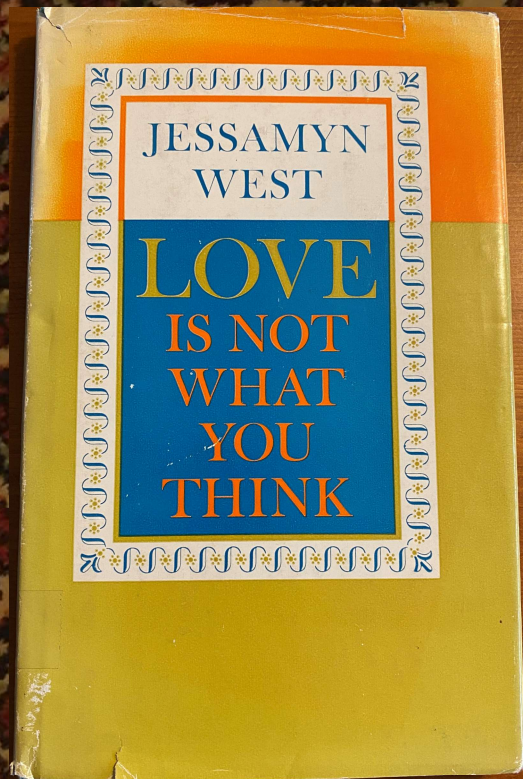
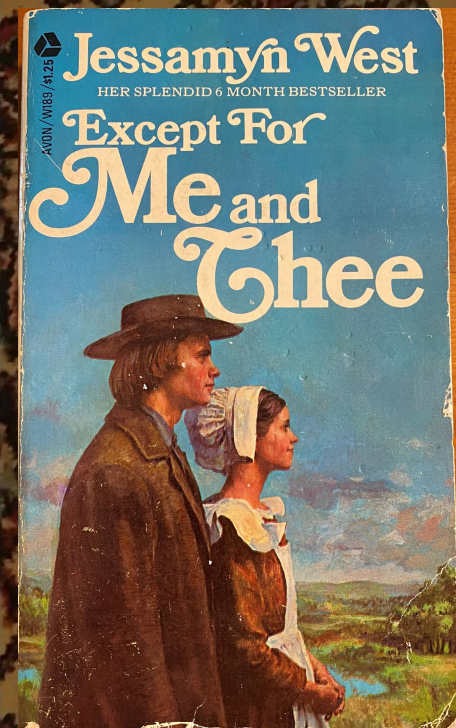




Women's
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Novels

1943-1968





Women's
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Words

Screen Plays

1943-1968

Feb 10. *Strandly Restaurant in Hollywood*
Sometimes I think I'm the luckiest woman in the world and
the night is one of those times. I like to write. I have pen and
paper and a room of my own in which to do my writing.
Writing is so difficult that I'm often convinced that nothing
I'm doing had there had been no words, into language all your thoughts
translates. At other times, the night for instance, I feel I write
to no purpose for me. What good can I expect the writing of these
pages - which I did today - about the Copas, or these
things? In this room tonight, and the pen and ink
with which to write the day. People who keep journals
live life twice. I know there is some feeling that journals
keepers are different in some way from others. They look
different, rather than the splendour. I used to think
that the fact that I was like Pops and Dodge and Carson
Woodgate and Emerson and Thoreau was a journal
keeper would be Emerson, whereas my friends regard for me.
It doesn't. And I don't know that I would care for a
journal. Keep myself. Suppose it is a kind of talking
to one's self - and that seems queer to many people. But
that journal keeps are my joy. If a writer has like mine,
the writer who reads journals has it three times. To my mind,
no kind of writing gives you so much. The best of what
another person was experiencing on his pulses, as a general
certainly most letters, where the writer corresponds, if he
has any humanity or intelligence changes color into correspond-
ence. But my journal. Let the night be the best when the
candle is lit and the pen is in the hand. Some one journal home from the library
to me. Go. What was wrong with her? "What makes
you think anything was wrong with her?" "For not, said," she said,
"that there is always some thing wrong with these people who
keep notebooks and diaries." Katherine Mansfield. Gals

Journal. Had Mr. Dorothy Wordsworth. "Perhaps it is to write
life. I have once experienced in action, once in words is a
sign that some thing is wrong with you." Virginia Woolf.





Women's
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Short Stories

1920-1940

Friendship between women is discussed like the Loch Ness monster: a subject interesting to speculate about, but probably non-existent. And, as in the case with the monster, the speculations are all by outsiders, men as the men at the edge of the lake with guns and cameras. But the monster has this advantage over women. Masculine reporters have not written their blueprints in their own image representing what a monster should look like, and they do not deny the existence of that creature of the deep simply because when they look into the water, they do not see themselves reflected.

And women themselves, when it comes to their friendships with other women (particularly if they are insecure in their relationships with men) have often been the first to declare, "I'm a man's woman. I can't stand off other women. I want to be where the boys are." We all do. But the boys, by their own choice are not going to be with us all the time. The boys have had their camp followers, but as there are no provisions for women to bivouach in office or coach or classroom, or cockpit. (with out complaint, anyway)

You have only to read the letters of despair, indignation and end of the letterman, written by women ~~into~~ up to this time, ~~have~~ ^{not} been vocal about being a man's woman. The first themselves suddenly companion letters are admissions never made before and born new not made outright - that what they wanted was the name and not the game.

In actual fact it is and in fact, which is some times truer than fact) the woman, from the whole with the heart of gold to the wife, happy wife and children, happy wife or mothers,



Speeches

1956-1984

1) When I was first asked to come here, I spoke to the Editor in Chief of the House which publishes my books of the invitation.

"Writing," said L, ^{can} not be taught. You will not be able to do these young people any good."

Saying that I was somewhat taken aback, he added, "I don't think that you will do them any lasting harm - and they will do you a lot of good. Accept the invitation."

He was right. They have done me much good.

First of all they have taught me a lot of new words. And not incidentally the words you hear in mind.

One of the new words I learned

④ Same things The words justice and mercy did not exist.
It took us centuries to reach the sometimes troubling insight that love and sex are not words for the same response - and another century over time to learn that a harmonious coexistence is possible for the two.

So we, to-gather, using the great
loom of language have been
weaving stories, poems, fables,
songs. Writing ~~that~~ ^{which is real} ~~and~~ first
if all convey what we feel to
a reader; and writing that
will, secondly, intensify and
enhance the reader's conscious-
ness of his self, & the nature of
the world ^{around him} and of those who
live ⁱⁿ ~~the~~ ^{the} world with
him.

(2) "w. maphrodite" which means
"simply monster" but sounds
wonderful.

This was also a my Vocabulary
has not been my chief gain.
Writes, unless they look among
other writers as looked on some
other authors. They are certainly
not thought of as Exotic as
belly dancers or as dangerous
or double agents. But that are
not regarded as absolutely
normal & free.

My class gave me the gift
of normalcy. What they were
interested in I was interested in.
That is the urgent desire to
create with words, tangibles which
populated with real people
to a writer this is the
most important task in the world.

⑤ Martin Luther the great
Hanserd Schubert said that
there was no authentic human
existence except where persons
were willing to make the effort
to import ^{to others} themselves to others
as they are. One must, he said,
be willing to permit persons into
whom one cannot close to per-
take of one's being

The writers you will hear to night
have been ^{trying} to make that
effort - ~~we~~ ^{you} to give that per-
mission - the permission to partake of
their being. ~~to~~

The pieces of writing you will
hear do not represent any
effort on my part to select
the best of what was written.
They represent length suitable for

(3) We would rather have created Tom Sawyer and David Copperfield, and the Heathcliff and Becky Sharp and Captain Arab. any day than to have invented the internal combustion machine. The petrol can & the electric can opener. Which I bring over at Vista Cottage. With all one admit is a handy gadget. But trade in a Hudson, a Buick, a Packard for one? Never.

They the members of my class and
I are working with Maria Goodell
Creighton, with the best rock of
human civilization, Language.

Our history as human beings is
in our language. Our increasing
ability to discriminate is there.
Murder and kill one meant the

(6) ~~on reaching and readers~~
~~with voices of sufficient carry-~~
~~ing power to be heard they~~
represent also variety and ^{top} ~~hom-~~
~~esty and interest.~~

I am going in conclusion to read the poem of another member of the class. John Caffey.

John's poem is personal & read as a tribute not to a person but to the class as a whole. I feel that I have found thirty friends.





Women's
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Letters and Correspondence

Dear Brother Joseph Chvala, C.S.C.
I have been East for two weeks other
wise I would have answered your letter, which
Laa made me feel very proud, when it arrived.
My hundred words of advice to a budding
author would be these, I think.

Words:
Words are the writer's material. With them you
build your worlds. Respect words, love words.
Learn words. If your words are shoddy you
will build sham worlds.

Be honest: honest with yourself about
yourself. Honest with yourself about others. Convincing
writing cannot come from a person who coddles
himself with illusions.

Read: There is no place for a primitive in
writing. The great writers have taught me writers
in the same way the Wright Brothers taught flyers.
Do not ~~try~~ expect readers of to-day like a plane.
Do not take a trip with you if you fly a plane.

Write: Always, about everything. Being
a writer takes more skill, practice and endurance
than being a tight-rope walker. In fact, a writer
is a tight-rope walker. Write and re-write
without ceasing.

Another time, I might write other words
of advice. There is what comes to me now and
since I'm already late, I send it off to you
with my best wishes to all budding writers at
St. Edwards.

Sincerely
Jessamyn West

April 4, 1969

Dear Brother Joseph Chvala, C.S.C.:

I have been East for two weeks, otherwise I would
have answered your letter, which has made me feel
very proud, when it arrived.

My hundred words of advice to a budding author
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build your worlds. Respect words, love words,
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writing cannot come from a person who coddles
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Read: There is no place for a primitive in
writing. The great writers have taught writers in
the same way the Wright Brothers taught flyers.

Do not expect readers of today to want to take a trip
with you if you fly a literary biplane.

Write: Always, about everything. Being a writer
takes more skill, practice, and endurance than
being a tight-rope walker. In fact, a writer is
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Another time, I might write other words of advice.
This is what comes to me now, and since I'm already
late, I send it off to you with my best wishes to
all budding writers at St. Edwards.

Sincerely,

Jessamyn West

mlf:JW





Women's
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Poetry

Shes busy with laughter at the breast
Like melted flesh they leap.
Oh God that I were far from here
Or lying fast asleep.

W. H. Davis

Rich Days.

Welcome to you, such autumn days.
Come comes the cold leaf picking rain
When golden stocks are seen in fields
All standing arm in arm entwined
And gallons of sweet cider seen.
On trees in apples red and green.

With mellow pears that cheat our teeth
Which melt like tongues may suck them in
With blue black damsons, yellow plums,
Now sweet and soft from stone to skin,
And woodnuts rich, to make us go
Into the loneliest lanes we know.

W. H. Davis.

13

Taken from an old
Century is ago
Old Mothers -

I love old mothers -
mothers with white hair
And kindly eyes, and
lips grown softly sweet
With murmured blessings
over sleeping babes.
There is a something in
their quiet grace
That speaks the calm of
Sabbath afternoon.
A knowledge in their deep
unfaltering eyes
That far out stretches all philo-
sophy.
Time, with caressing touch - about
them weaves
The silver threaded fairy shawl
of age.



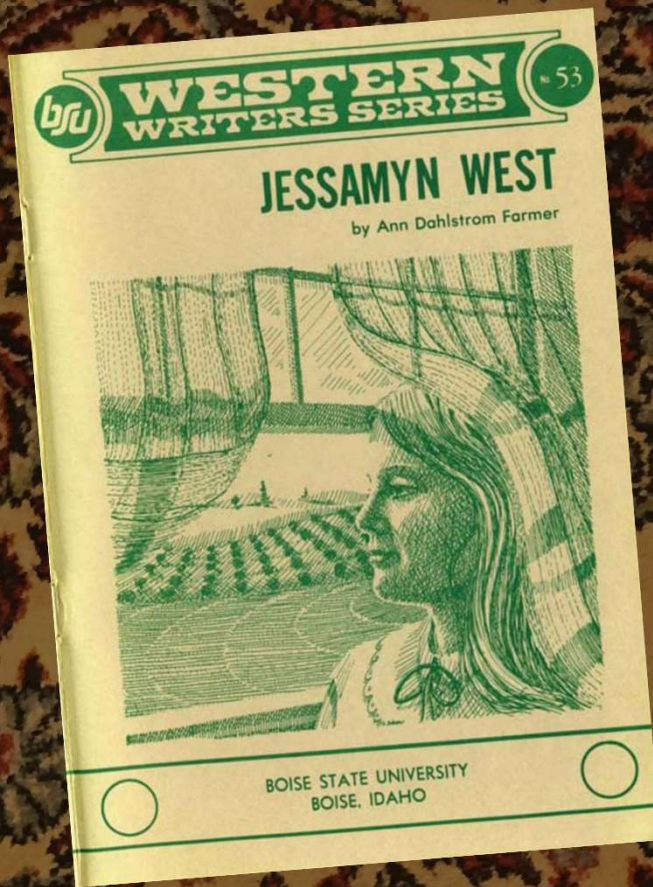
Photographs





Genealogy

1902-1984





Seeking new donations

Mrs Jo Potters Prune-nut Cake

4 eggs
2 cups sugar
1 cup shortening
4 " flour
2 " nuts
2 " Prunes with juice

1 cup hot water
2 Tsp soda
2 " cinamon
1 " clove
1 cup pineapple
1/2 lb. raisins
1 Teaspoon salt

(Here is where the prunes
should be found in
original)

Cream shortening & sugar - add eggs,
fruit, nuts, spices and salt.

Then add hot water & soda together, alter-
nately with the flour, stirring the while -
Beat and bake in hot oven (400°)
until it rises - then turn down to
275° F and bake 40 min or until done.

icing - 5 Table spoon cocoa
1 square butter

4 or 5 Table spoon hot water
3 cups Confect. sugar
Vanilla to suit taste

1 1/2 cups flour
1/2 cake yeast
1 cup sugar
1/2 " shortening
1/4 " warm water
2 " warm water
salt -

Let rise in a warm
room till double in bulk
mix down put in ice box
until needed

Light rolls - Ice box -
written by Aunt Martha
April 20-1937





Seeking new donations

Cherry Judding.

2 cups flour
3 table spoon sugar
1/4 teasp. salt.
2 1/4 cup butter
2 eggs
2 teasp. b. p.
3/4 cup milk -
12 cups sliced cherries
3/4 cup sugar
1/4 1 table spoon butter
2 table sp. flour -

Canner
mar 31-34

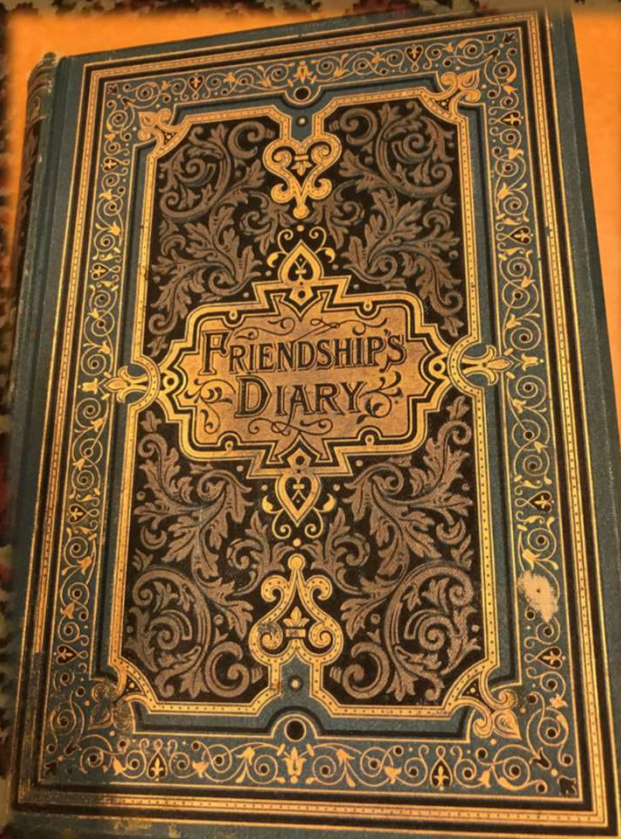
Method - Sift together
flour - sugar - b. powder
Salt, & work in butter
Beat eggs - add milk
& stir in flour -
Half fill baking dish
with cherries - add
sugar - flour & bits
of butter - Pour
batter over top of
fruit - Bake slowly
for 15 min - increase
heat & bake until
done - Turn on
plate with cherries
uppermost. Serve
with hard sauce
or Sweet Cherry sauce





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Seeking new donations



Wednesday, June 20 Washed khaki trousers, white shirt, old shirt & white trousers Apron and then worked upon the roof. I worked all day and all the evening on a white slip for Evelyn. Terrible electric storm P.M. and in the evening mosquitoes and bugs of every kind came through screen.

June 21 Tuesday. Simpling hot. I worked all day on Evelyn's slip. Took it with me to the Auxiliary Meeting of the Church and washed all through, then after it worked on it in the lobby of the Valencia Hotel. 6 P.M. came & 7 P.M. came & it not done but got it off on the 25 train. Finished Mrs. Dancy Stephens for the meeting. Then

June 22 Friday. Fasting Lamb. Tired out but mended my fur coat. Some job and some hot job. Wrote "Girlie" and put it in train when we went down at 7:15 for political meeting and prayer meeting and mission study. Went with Rev. Ashworth from Isham's and returned with him. Rained all evening. No political meeting.

June 23 4th. Wedding anniversary. Thursday - Simpling hot. Mosquitoes. Old Mrs. Boul. Tay worked on roof and on walls. I mended 7 lbs. hose and ironed a shirt. Did book keeping for 4 days. Wrote diary writing for 4 hours and 15 minutes from 4 to 5 P.M. but no sleep but a nap. Finished Mrs. Dancy Stephens for the meeting. Then

June 24 5th. Friday. Simpling hot. Mosquitoes. Old Mrs. Boul. Tay worked on roof and on walls. I mended 7 lbs. hose and ironed a shirt. Did book keeping for 4 days. Wrote diary writing for 4 hours and 15 minutes from 4 to 5 P.M. but no sleep but a nap. Finished Mrs. Dancy Stephens for the meeting. Then

June 25 6th. Saturday. Simpling hot. Mosquitoes. Old Mrs. Boul. Tay worked on roof and on walls. I mended 7 lbs. hose and ironed a shirt. Did book keeping for 4 days. Wrote diary writing for 4 hours and 15 minutes from 4 to 5 P.M. but no sleep but a nap. Finished Mrs. Dancy Stephens for the meeting. Then

June 26 7th. Sunday. Simpling hot. Mosquitoes. Old Mrs. Boul. Tay worked on roof and on walls. I mended 7 lbs. hose and ironed a shirt. Did book keeping for 4 days. Wrote diary writing for 4 hours and 15 minutes from 4 to 5 P.M. but no sleep but a nap. Finished Mrs. Dancy Stephens for the meeting. Then

June 27 8th. Monday. Simpling hot. Mosquitoes. Old Mrs. Boul. Tay worked on roof and on walls. I mended 7 lbs. hose and ironed a shirt. Did book keeping for 4 days. Wrote diary writing for 4 hours and 15 minutes from 4 to 5 P.M. but no sleep but a nap. Finished Mrs. Dancy Stephens for the meeting. Then

June 28 9th. Tuesday. Simpling hot. Mosquitoes. Old Mrs. Boul. Tay worked on roof and on walls. I mended 7 lbs. hose and ironed a shirt. Did book keeping for 4 days. Wrote diary writing for 4 hours and 15 minutes from 4 to 5 P.M. but no sleep but a nap. Finished Mrs. Dancy Stephens for the meeting. Then

June 29 10th. Wednesday. Simpling hot. Mosquitoes. Old Mrs. Boul. Tay worked on roof and on walls. I mended 7 lbs. hose and ironed a shirt. Did book keeping for 4 days. Wrote diary writing for 4 hours and 15 minutes from 4 to 5 P.M. but no sleep but a nap. Finished Mrs. Dancy Stephens for the meeting. Then

June 30 11th. Thursday. Simpling hot. Mosquitoes. Old Mrs. Boul. Tay worked on roof and on walls. I mended 7 lbs. hose and ironed a shirt. Did book keeping for 4 days. Wrote diary writing for 4 hours and 15 minutes from 4 to 5 P.M. but no sleep but a nap. Finished Mrs. Dancy Stephens for the meeting. Then



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Seeking new donations

Be not the fourth friend of him who had three before and lost them.

LAVATER.

How do I write? I make
a little hole in the ground
plant my heart in it and
leave it there to sprout.

Leon-Paul Fargue

If you have any energy left
after studying conduct - then
turn to books.

Confucius





Women's
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Seeking new donations





Women's
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Seeking new donations



Appraisal Process

Contact the Collective to let us know you are interested in having items appraised for donation.

Collective Appraiser will visit the location of the items if they are within the city limits. If items reside at a greater distance, digital meet ups will suffice.

Appraiser will take photos and notes of items considered for donation.

5-7 business days the Appraiser will respond with an appraisal document for review.

Once donation terms are accepted, transfer of items will commence at the expense of the collective not the donor.



Security and Access



The Women's World of Words Collective is diligent to safeguard our collection items from theft, decay, disasters, and pests on a routine basis.



Security Officer on premises 24 hours a day, 365 days a year
Every visitor must take their temperature upon entry.



Our facility utilizes unique key fobs that date and time stamp all entry and exits of patrons and staff.



Researchers are required to sign in upon arrival with Security Officer





Thank you for your
donation!

tlynnking@gmail.com

